

THE FIELD AFAR

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS

"DILIGENTIBUS DEUM, OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM."—Rom. viii. 28.



"TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------|-------|----------------------------|----|
| Editorials | 2 | Mission Reading Circle, Lesson No. 2 | 10 | May in Japan | 13 |
| Journeying in East Africa | 3-4 | Making Roads in New Guinea | 10 | A Page of S. P. F. Items | 14 |
| In the Homes of Martyrs | 5-6 | Shanghai Letter, Fr. Kennelly, S. J. | 11 | Articles from the Missions | 15 |
| The Coming Beatifications | 7-8 | News Items from China | 11-12 | A Widow's Hat in Korea | 15 |
| Théophane Vénard's Relics | 9 | Our Young Apostles | 13 | The Savage Chauffeur | 16 |



A MISSION AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Notre Dame de la Garde, the furthest station inhabited by white people in the interior of British New Guinea, Oceanica.

See page 10.

THE FIELD AFAR is a diocesan mission organ, published bi-monthly. It aims to arouse and strengthen interest in the world-wide apostolate.

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EASTER.

All hail, dear Conqueror, Who died
In sacrifice on Calvary's Tree.
Thou now art living, glorified,—
From bonds of death and prison free.
'Twas meet that Thou shouldst bear no
stain,
Or taint of earth, and, so the grave
Could not contain the Victim slain
For love of those He came to save!

All hail, dear Conqueror on high
Be heard each raptured, grateful voice
That helps to swell the nation's cry,
And bid each human heart rejoice!
Dear Saviour, to Thy people give
The grace that they from sin may rise,
That so, new-born, they yet may live
Through life eterne in Paradise!

AMADEUS, O. S. F.

* *

THE Catholic population of China has already run up to more than 1,040,000, and the census for the past year will doubtless bring a higher figure.

Let us hope that this number of souls will soon be doubled and that our missionaries may secure more and more for the Church that numerical Catholicity which is one of her divine characteristics.

This propagation in a Buddhist country is a striking manifestation of the essential Catholicity of the Christian teaching. We may be certain that Buddhism will never make a million converts in the countries of Europe and America.

* *

WE are especially interested to learn that a priest in Philadelphia, Rev. James P. McCloskey, who spent several years in the Philippines, will return to the islands and resume his work under Bishop Dougherty.

We recall meeting Father McCloskey in Boston soon after his ordination and we congratulate him on the missionary spirit which he shows. Our best wishes for success go with him.

WE learn with pleasure that a volume on Labrador is being published by the Rev. P. W. Browne who was for many years pastor of Bonavista in Newfoundland. The new book, which we understand will appear shortly from the press, gives a complete description of the coast of Labrador and is the first, probably the only, detailed account of the great peninsula ever written. We in Boston have been depending so much upon Dr. Grenfell for information about Labrador that it will be especially interesting to see what Fr. Browne has produced.

* *

A CONVERT to our faith whose sister is deeply interested in Protestant Foreign Missions and who herself has been an ardent Catholic for many years, writes to us an appealing letter in which she asks the question—"can't you get our American women at work, away from whist for charity, to intense prayer, zeal and service?"

We have no quarrel with whist. The game is harmless in itself, and, as a recreation, often helpful. When its attractiveness secures from its votaries substantial aid for some or other of our many and worthy charities, the game becomes the occasion of real blessings.

Just how much of a blessing reacts upon the players for charity depends, of course, upon their motives and we are under the impression that at times these are high and holy.

We are constrained to admit, however, that the appeal for charity, when it urges no further service than attendance at a whist party does little to stimulate service for others.

There is work to be done, plenty of it. Perhaps it will be found in the family circle,—service to some helpless relative whose weakness God desires shall be supplied by our strength. Or it may be among the poor and lowly of the parish, where our happiness even now lies hidden in grateful hearts that will respond willingly to our smallest attention.

Or ours may be the world-field that will re-act on ourselves and others, even though we stay in the homeland. Intelligent, systematic effort to interest others in the work of Catholic missionaries, to follow their struggles and conquests, will prove a source of joy, edification and knowledge in our too often narrow and useless and thoughtless lives.

For the remote fields there is unlimited work to be done, and even

though our interest were centered in only one mission, our spare moments could be thus well occupied for a lifetime.

* *

THE Cosmopolitan Club of Harvard College is made up largely of students whose homes are or have been in foreign countries.

During his short stay in Boston, Fr. Emile Heck, a Marianist priest, who for 17 years has been professor of French Literature at the Tokyo Imperial University of Japan, visited this club. His experience was an interesting one, as he found there young men from China, Korea, Japan, India, Annam, England and Canada. It was tea-time and Fr. Heck, with the writer, had been urged to stay and talk, over the cups. The representatives from Japan, whom Fr. Heck was especially anxious to meet, were the late-comers, two of them entering the room together, a third shortly afterwards.

As soon as the two young Japanese were presented to Fr. Heck the air in that vicinity was filled with the strange unaccented language of the Island Empire, to which all listened with curious attention until the novelty of a European speaking the Oriental tongue had passed. Soon afterwards a third Japanese entered, a very small specimen of the race but keen in appearance. He had hardly been presented to Fr. Heck when each recognized the other. The youth had been for four years a student in Tokyo, at the Bright Star School, which is conducted by the Marianist Brothers, with whom Fr. Heck lives in community. There Fr. Heck had known and taught him. The pleasure of the renewed acquaintance was mutual and the little *Jap* was so unfortunate that Fr. Heck had to cancel an engagement and go to dinner with his young friend.

Another member of the Club, who was presented to us by a young Chinaman, was the son of an American official in Korea. This young man spoke in glowing terms of Bishop Mutel and of Catholic missions in the Hermit Kingdom.

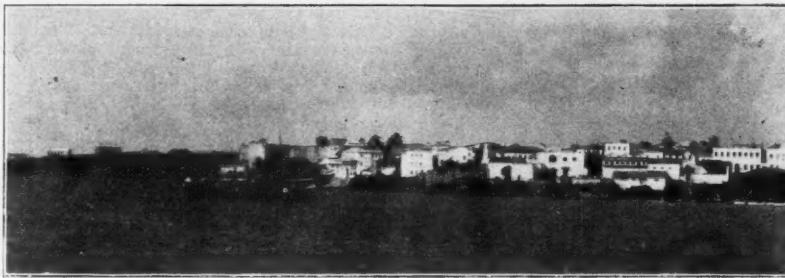
Our first host on the occasion of this visit was Mr. Jim Heng Liu from Tien-tsin.

* *

"May God bless your good work, and make the **FIELD AFAR** instrumental in bringing many hearts into sympathy with the work which tends to unite in one the people of God scattered over the earth.

Yours sincerely in Xt.,

♦P. GRAMIGNA, O. C.,
Bishop of Allahabad, India.



MOMBASA, THE PORT OF ENTRANCE TO UGANDA, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

(Mr. Roosevelt will begin his African trip from this point.)

IT will please many readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* to learn that, through the New York Diocesan Office of the Propagation of the Faith, our ex-president, Mr. Roosevelt, before leaving the United States, was invited to visit Mother Paul, formerly of New York City and now a nun in Uganda. In reply, the distinguished tourist answered that he would certainly be most happy to call on this good lady if he should be in the vicinity of the convent.

The Sisters at Nysambya, and above all the Bishop, with several of the pioneer priests who are still laboring in British East Africa, will appreciate Mr. Roosevelt's experiences by a comparison with their own. We have been looking over the record of Bishop Hanlon's and the other Mill Hill Fathers' early experiences in entering Uganda from Kampala before the railway line was established. From a letter which Bishop Hanlon wrote on that occasion dated July 29, 1895—en route to Uganda we read:—

"It is no slight matter to have had to become the leader of a large caravan, made up as ours is, and to be thrown on one's own resources to carry it day by day through this Equatorial region. Many hints from books, and more from travelers, are so contradictory, that with a few exceptions they are best left alone. I will only say one thing: that we are one of the few caravans that have come so far without losing some men by death either from disease, or exposure, or over fatigue, or by death from wild animals or equally wild natives in the interior. We are now nearing the end of the dreaded belt infested by man-devouring animals and porter-slaying tribes. There are still ten days' marching during which dread will hang over our native porters from the coast. The Eldoma ravine and two awkward rivers are still to be crossed. We are in a foodless country, and have barely enough horse-beans and Indian-corn flour to see us through the bare number of marches that lie before us if all goes well. We must rely on the gun and the rifle to make up any deficiencies in our food. Animals are plentiful and birds equally so, but they often require no small amount of dangerous following.

The diet consists of bananas, hard meat, and sweet potatoes—delicacy forbids mention of the extras. I hope soon to be accustomed to the fare. I had sent to the

coast for twenty more porters. There were eleven loads left behind. These were all brought on a few marches, when four boxes were abandoned on the road, the fresh porters running off. Another was lost further on. The remaining six loads were conveyed after us as far as Kikuyu, and there the porters and their loads were joined on to a mail caravan bringing loads and letters belonging to the Church Missionary Society people. This caravan was cut up by the Wanandi tribe. Of thirty-one men, only seven escaped with their lives; the loads and mails were either stolen or burned. Those who escaped fled to the nearest station, and upon receiving a strong escort returned to the scene of the disaster, where they picked up such letters, etc., as they thought not too much damaged and brought them on to Mengo.

In company with Bishop Hanlon on this occasion was Fr. Prendergast, with our good friend Fr. Matthews and several other priests. Father Prendergast wrote at this time to the Superior-General of Mill Hill, Fr. Henry, a detailed account from which we quote these paragraphs.

Fourteen of our loads were lost on the journey, including two monstresses, our copying press, and nearly all our stationery. We may use "awful," "terrible," "dreadful," "appalling," and such epithets in speaking of this journey, but really it is not so easy to give a true idea of it. Neither would it be wise; I should not care to describe it even as I feel able, such an experience has it been to those who feel keenly and see quickly what is occurring. Happy those who are unobservant and not very sensitive when they traverse such regions, and pass with light-hearted unconsciousness the horrors of day, and sleep peacefully amidst the terrors of night, in regions in part bestrewed with human bones—there through man's inhumanity to man; regions infested with crawling, accursed things of deadly bite, with giggling hyenas that tear men's flesh from living bones at close of day; and rapacious brutes called noble lions, with ungovernable strength and ferocity, that will glut themselves on man or beast, dead or alive; and straggling tribes of skillful thieves of either sex, in all condi-



MOTHER PAUL AND HER SCHOOL IN UGANDA.

(This photograph was taken in Africa some months ago by Rev. Peter MacQueen, a Boston minister. Mother Paul may be seen at the left.)

We made the journey from Mombasa to Mengo in an astonishingly short time—seventy-six days—during which we rested not from servile work, but from marching, sixteen days. Of the one hundred and sixty men who made up our caravan on leaving the coast, twenty-six deserted and caused us great inconvenience; eleven were left sick at different stations on the way, where they could be cared for, and, of course, have to be paid for; three died—one of severe chill following intermittent fever, two of acute pneumonia and a fourth was speared to death by the remorseless Wanandi tribe.

tions and in shameless nakedness; through foodless tracts with hungry men kept up at times by brutal urging, under blistering sun or piercing cold, in parching thirst or drenched right through; with men shivering and sickening and dying while others are ill by pretence; with men stealing each other's food and selling each other's scanty clothes—some refusing to move, others running away with loads, others again, ruthlessly throwing down loads and breaking boxes and contents; with poor fellows of good will struggling over deep and rough bedded streams, carrying sixty or seventy pounds on their head, stumbling and



BISHOP HANLON STARTING ON A MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

mounting the banks with bleeding feet, but cheering up and drying themselves in the lovely sunshine and encouraging each other with merry songs, or delighted with a rough meal of boiled beans, eaten with heartiness round a pleasant camp fire; up and cheery at break of day, and adding pleasure to a pleasant march by their sprightliness and right good will, and gaining familiar and friendly recognition by their kindly ways. If one must cross offensive swamps and risk the germs of weakening fever, he will also pass through lovely, balmy, bracing air, and be delighted with the sight of magnificent woods with giant trees of graceful foliage. One looks on lines of forest hills and treads on flowers and comes in sight of prancing playful herds of the graceful gazelle, whose delicate forms are simply exquisite. And after long and tedious marches one rests at a fort, where trim gardens and cultivated fields remind him of civilization."

The Bishop never complained of being really sick during the journey, but once or twice spoke of having got a chill or of not feeling quite himself.

Father Matthews, whom we thought very strong, was attacked by ague twice, and had to be carried in a hammock for a couple of days. After getting over these he took good care to put plenty of quinine into his system.

Now I believe firmly in quinine for all persons thus travelling. If they are well let them take it, so that when the fevers, which are many and various come, their systems may be fortified against them; if out of sorts, of course they should dose themselves at once and carry a little box filled with tabloids in the vest pocket. They are sweeter than honey and the honey-comb, for life depends on them. I took five grains a day; the Bishop, I think, ten grains; and Father Matthews thirty or forty grains—when we were in good health.

THE EVILS OF CARAVAN TRAVELLING.

Often we had to make late marches to avoid some waterless district, some swampy spot, or some place infested by beasts or robbers; that is to say, we kept marching until it became quite dark. On getting into camp on these nights, we were all fairly done up, and truly pitiable was the state of the poor porters: we carrying nothing are dead tired; what must they be, each carrying a burden of sixty-five pounds? I don't know what to say or think of this porter business, I mean of the principle that makes it legal; I shall, later on, say something of the grim and ghastly condition of a caravan as I saw it.

After a week or two all the novelty of the journey wears away, camp or gypsy life becomes a matter of course, and one

has to do many a thing to keep off ennui, and relieve himself from the feeling of monotony. As you know, we had three tents—one for the Bishop, one for Fathers Plunkett and Kestens, and one for Father Matthews and me.

It is most important to have your men *pamoja*—all together one after another. The march must be made in Indian file, one hundred and fifty long. The porters are of all sorts and conditions; some can carry, some cannot; many can almost run as well as carry, whilst the *go-y-go-yis*—dawdlers—had to be left to their own sweet will. Sometimes it took two or three hours to bring up the rear, a work efficiently accomplished by Father Kestens. It looked a fine sight in the early morning to see the caravan at the beating of the drum, all together in a long line; after an hour the line was broken, the weaklings stopping for a rest, whilst the strong men would still keep marching on, if allowed. Indeed, many would have done the whole day's march without a rest, because they knew that as soon as camp was reached they could rest to their heart's content. The slow-coaches had to be coaxed, or compelled, or even carried to the camp. We had learned, to our cost, what a mass of cunning and knavery every one of these porters is. Many of them require nothing less than a beating to make them do their work; they feign sickness, lameness, etc., to get out of carrying their load, and when they cannot master you, they lie down and say they will die, and they actually do die. Though I never myself met a case, I heard of this strange power from very good authority.

As to the actual road to be traversed I may say there is no road as we understand the word, except a little bit here and there near a village or European station. What exists is simply a narrow eighteen-inch footpath, hence the necessity of the one after another arrangement. This path goes twisting and winding in every direction except straight to the place you are making for. Obstacles such as fallen trees, bits of swamp, etc., are not so much got over as got round: time being of little consideration to the Black man, he prefers to spend an hour or two going round under circumstances in which the White man would use a little energy in shifting the fallen tree or in throwing a bridge of some sort over the bit of swamp. I don't think there is any exaggeration in saying that one-half of the days of our journey were spent in fairly easy marching. The other half called forth all the strongest expressions one is allowed to make use of in speaking of a road. Climbing was always followed by descending; no sooner were you safely over one big swamp—I say safely, I don't say soundly, nor speak of

the condition of clothes or limbs—than you met with another. Numerous small streams, rivers, and torrents put one to the trouble of taking off boots and stockings several times in one march. Perhaps you will say we might have saved ourselves the trouble by walking in our bare feet. Well, some of us tried it,—I on the Kniepp principle—but the burning sand and brushwood, the rocks and stones as hot as live coals, made us repent very soon.

We will require black skins like the porters, hardened by usage, before we venture to walk in bare feet after seven in the morning; nor do the porters care much to walk barefoot; each one has sandals made of skins—simply to protect the soles of his feet."

Father Prendergast then mentions an attack on the caravan made by the Wanandi tribe, the loss of supplies and several other experiences, including the capture of two slave raiders and the rescue of a slave.

The following year, a second detachment of Mill Hill priests was sent to Uganda—all of whom were stricken with fever and dysentery which impeded their progress considerably.

Fr. Van den Berg, who visited Boston a few months ago, was in this caravan and records in one of his letters the following impressions:

"In the beginning, every day it was high grass, reaching far over the head. You need not ask how wet we were when coming at the end of it. I ascribe to this the fever we had in these first seventeen days, and in Mrogoro.

This part of the country abounded with lions and tigers. Daily you could trace the footprints on the roads through which we passed. The other Fathers have all seen wild beasts of some sort, but I never saw one during all the journey; perhaps this was owing to the fact that I was always in the rear of the caravan, so that they all fled before we arrived. Once, while Father Biermans was hunting, he was brought face to face with a lion; the Black who accompanied him pointed it out, and wished to go for it, but Father Biermans thought it better to go from it; and I think he was right."

We hope that the interest awakened in this part of Africa will re-act favorably upon the excellent work of Catholic missionaries in that country. Splendid tributes to these men and women have already come to us during the past year but we know that their need is pressing because present openings for development may soon be closed as we understand that the English government desires only one form of Christian enterprise in each district, either Catholic or Protestant. Under this condition, whoever occupies the ground first will remain in possession.

We wish to secure for "The Field Afar" and for the sublime cause which it represents, the patronage of all religious houses that through these sacred agencies we may reach youthful minds and impress their young hearts with the spirit of propaganda.

IN THE HOMES OF MARTYRS.

HENRY DORIE.

THE good Curé of St Hilaire had agreed to serve me as a guide to the home of Henry Dorie, martyr. He decided that we should make an early start for the Dorie home, leaving soon after breakfast, and while the sexton was hitching the horse, he proposed that we should go across the street and visit the family of the aspirant whom I had met at Meudon.

It was a pleasant experience. We were evidently expected and the family had thoughtfully gathered so that we should not lose time on their account. The father was a follower of St. Joseph's trade, the sisters, dressmakers; two brothers worked in the fields; and these, with the mother, a splendid type, and her absent son now consecrated to God, made up the Christian home.

It is needless to say that these excellent people were delighted to receive direct news of their boy. They spoke of his approaching vacation, that farewell visit among them—now past—and wondered to what mission he would be assigned. Henry Dorie's name was mentioned and *Monsieur le Curé* assured his little group of parishioners that in these days, the chances for martyrdom were very slim. One of the



THE FAMILY OF AN ASPIRANT.

girls shook her head with an anxious expression and instanced some recent massacres in the Far East. They all appeared perfectly resigned, however, and their cheerful spirit was

quite delightful. When a week later I met Arthur Perroy in Paris I felt that my journey to the Vendée was worth while if only for the pleasure which in turn it afforded him and his dear ones at home.

The Curé's horse was now ready, a white one, whose hair remained on my coat for a week. I closed the camera, after taking a group picture



"IT MIGHT ONCE HAVE BEEN A PUBLIC CAB IN PARIS."

in the back yard, shook hands all around and mounted an affair on wheels which had been drawn up alongside the doorstep. *Mounted* is hardly the proper word to express the idea, as the vehicle seemed to be almost on a level with the pavement. Yet, for all I knew, it might once have been a public cab in Paris, many years ago, of course. The springs had settled down since then to their long sleep, the canopy had disappeared and the sun had left no sign of varnish or vestige of color. The horse was positively fat, well-fed, as a priest's horse is usually, and as I soon discovered, of a retiring disposition. "Allons, allons," chirped the good curé, and the faithful beast turned his head toward us but did not stir. "Allons," again he cried, jerking the reins. This time the animal responded and dropped into a respectable jog which he kept up for several paces. Chirps, jerks, starts and halts in constant succession will tell the story of this journey.

Soon after leaving the village we turned towards the sea. The land on all sides was low, with here and there, in the distance, a house nestling in a clump of trees. Once the

curé called my attention to an old monastery, and a little further on, to a castle. No buildings adjoined the road until we came to a small group of dwellings in one of which, my host told me, the martyr's married sister was living. We did not stop, however, as it had suddenly dawned upon the curé that it was market-day and we must hasten so as to reach the Dorie homestead before it would be deserted.

I could now discern some hillocks, snow-white, and I asked what they were. The curé smiled, delighted at the prospect of explaining the phenomena. "Vous allez voir," he said, "vous allez voir." "Allons, allons," and the horse made a fresh start for the hundredth time. Yes, I was going to see, and the good priest soon explained that Henry Dorie's relatives, like most of the dwellers in the hamlet which we were approaching, were salt makers, and that these hillocks were great heaps of the mineral reclaimed from the ocean. "Voila," he exclaimed, pointing with his whip to the left, "the salt heaps of Monsieur Dorie." These are his principal means of support although he has also a small farm. We could see no one at work, but we soon came to the clustered dwellings which go by the name of La Guitière. An old well stood guard over the double file of weather-beaten houses that rose from the



"I FOLLOWED MY GUIDE ALONG THE ROUGH PASSAGE WAY."

marsh-lands, bare and shelterless as the hulk of some great wreck on a weed-strewn beach. The settlement was made up of about ten small

houses, occupied, I understood, for the most part by relatives of the Dorie family. A driveway enabled us to enter from the main road, and the curé at once released his horse from the royally curved shafts in which the animal had been confined and tied him in the shade of a hay-loft. In the meantime our arrival had created something of a stir, and already a few of the matrons had come out to greet their pastor, wondering, doubtless, what might be the purpose of his call on such a day, when the hamlet was deserted for the busy scenes at Talmont. We had evidently arrived too late to catch the market-goers, and the women shook their heads when the curé asked if there was anybody at the Dorie homestead.

The old gentleman had long since learned, however, not to place too much reliance on second-hand information; so, beckoning to me, we passed through a tiny garden opposite and knocked at the door of one of the several low dwellings that lined the narrow street. There was no sound within, and after a brief delay I followed my guide along the rough passageway leading to the salt-beds. As we came in view of the widening marshes, the old curé gave a grunt of satisfaction—*La voilà, le neveu du martyr.*

There he was, the man with the hoe, in sabots and straw hat, gathering in

home, while his father, the martyr's brother, had gone to Talmont, and we had missed him on our way.

This nephew, whose Christian name I do not now recall, is a young man of pleasing address and intelligent appreciation,—not uncommon qualities among the laboring classes of France.

He showed us the simple process of salt-making, and leaving the hot sun to continue its work unaided, returned with us to his humble home, which he invited us to enter.

Only two weeks before I had been entertained at the Chateau de Bretenières, where Just De Bretenières, the bosom friend and martyr companion of Henry Dorie, had been reared.

The contrast now was striking in the extreme. We entered directly into a good-sized room that seemed to answer almost every household purpose. There was nothing of interest to attract the ordinary visitor, and it seemed like intrusion to look too inquisitively at the evidences of homely thrift that presented themselves.

I asked if I might see the martyr's room and we mounted a flight of worn sand-stone steps that led immediately from this living-room to a kind of loft where grain was stored along with household articles.

In one corner, separated by a thin partition of wood, was the little bedroom, with a few shelves of school books, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, a first Communion certificate, and some holy pictures spread here and there, high on the low ceilinged walls.

I took down several books, and looking through the pages, discovered two slips of paper, both precious souvenirs, which the nephew, at the curé's request, generously allowed me to keep.

One of these was the last section of a letter, written, evidently, while the future martyr was on his way to Korea—it reads as follows:

"I do not forget you. I think of you often. Even this morning I seemed to see you asking M. l'Abbé if any news had come? and then I prayed God to give you strength and courage.

Courage, dearest parents, love God always and much. Offer to him your sufferings and your labor, and he will recompense you one day.

In the meantime, as you see, I write to you as often as possible, and I promise to keep it up. I would like even to write to each of you individually, but that is quite impossible, especially until we get to Singapore.

When I arrive at Shang-hai I can more easily send you fuller details and make a review of my voyage.

My beard is beginning to grow and I am as ugly as a monkey.

Adieu, the heat is stifling me, and I will go on deck for some air. We expect to see the African coast in a few hours. Adieu.

Your son who loves you,
H. DORIE, M. Ap. to Korea."

Taking down, again at random, a second book, there dropped from it a small piece of paper about four inches in length. I picked it up and found, inside, a promoter's list of members in the Lyons Society for the Propagation of the Faith.



HENRY'S DORIE'S BED-ROOM AT
LA GUITIÈRE.

The martyr's name was first on the list, followed by eight others. Against each name was checked, in centimes, amounts paid in February, March and June (the year is not given). The "band" was made up possibly of students at the college of Sables d'Olonne, but of this we are not certain. The names include, besides that of the martyr, Messieurs Rorthais, C. Gaignet, Gendronneau, Guichard, Guicheau, Hillairet, Lelievre, Murzeau and Pazot.

With these two precious souvenirs of the martyr in my possession, for which special thanks are due to the curé of St. Hilaire, we went from the humble dwelling out into the little street of the hamlet where we found an informal committee of the stay-at-homes waiting to greet their pastor. I was introduced simply as an American priest, whose name could be recalled no more than it could be pronounced; and as my host left me to superintend the harnessing of his horse, I clicked the camera to the delight of all present, who crowded around the instrument with the usual expression,—*très-curieux*.

They were a kindly, simple people, whom I recall with much pleasure. Even now I can see, as the horse ambled off amid the *au revoirs*, one poor woman at the well that guards the entrance to the hamlet. Bronzed by the sun and wrinkled with age, she



A MARTYR'S NEPHEW ON THE SALT BEDS OF THE VENDÉE.

heaps of white mineral reclaimed, by evaporation, from the waters of the ocean. The nephew of Henry Dorie had, fortunately for us, stayed at

might have stepped from some old canvass. She little knew the impression made on our film as she turned to look at the departing visitors.

We arrived at the presbytery in good time for lunch, which had been prepared so that I could catch the train for Sables d'Olonne.

It was with regret that I left my kind host and his *vicaire* that day; and as a few moments later I settled down in the "express" bound for the famous Vendée watering place I could not help feeling that my stay had been all too short.

The "express" was made up of one car, divided into several compartments, including one for cattle. The moving power might have been electricity, but my recollection is only of several stops and slow going.

At a station on the public highway there was considerable delay in landing one of our travelling companions in the forward section,—a newly bought pig, who evidently felt uncomfortable at the prospects of a strange sty. After some moments of coaxing and pulling, a burly fellow took the animal by the ear, accomplished the desired result, and the car moved on with whistle, shrieks and squeals, each striving for the ascendancy.

In Sables d'Olonne I found a courteous welcome at the college where Henry Dorie had studied, and where



SHE MIGHT HAVE STEPPED FROM
SOME OLD CANVASS.

to-day his name is held in benediction as an alumnus who won the martyr's crown. He was not considered a brilliant student, I learned, and had to spend more time than the ordinary

boy in the preparation of his lessons. But his disposition, modest yet gay, secured for him the abiding affection of all his companions.

It was during these years that his vocation to the foreign missions developed strongly, and among other letters written by him as a student is one to an intimate friend containing these words—"I wish to give myself wholly to our Lord; to work, to suffer all my life, and to die for Him and for the spread of His Kingdom on earth."

I found at the college only the professors, as it was the vacation season. They were young men, diocesan priests, keen and intelligent, especially curious to find out the workings of the Catholic Church in the United States. They had all read the Abbé Klein's work on the "Land of the Strenuous Life." The book, in spite of the French suspicion that it is somewhat highly colored, has probably done more than any other to open the eyes of French priests to the actual condition of the Catholic religion in this country.

It was now discussed by several of those present, and many questions were asked. When train time had come I left the peaceful cloister where we had been walking in the cool evening air, and, the faculty serving as escort, we joined the summer people in their promenade along the sea-shore drive, and made towards the railway station.

We were none too soon and the superior very nearly occasioned my arrest by encouraging me to mount the train for Paris without a ticket; but "all's well that ends well" and before midnight, by several providential and accidental circumstances, I managed to have the compartment quite alone until we arrived in Paris, which I reached safely with pleasant recollections of my visit to the home of Henry Dorie.

* *

THE MARTYRS TO BE BEATIFIED IN MAY.

BY VICTORIA LARMOUR.

A MOST interesting book has been received from P. Lethilleux, Paris. It is by Father Adrien Launay, of the Société des Missions Etrangères, and a full title, translated, is as follows: *The Thirty-Five Venerable Servants of God, French, Annamite, Chinese, Martyred for the Faith in the Far East from 1815 to 1862, a Plea for Whose Beatification was Introduced in 1879 and 1889; Biographies, with a Study of the Persecution Legislation in Annam and China.*

In the introduction, and also in a later chapter, Father Launay gives a brief account of the attitude of the Chinese government toward Christianity,—the authorization of its practice under the Emperor Kang-Hi from 1662 to 1723; the prohibition and persecution under his successors; and finally, the edict of religious liberty in 1860. The author also brings out the official reasons given for the condemnation of Christianity,—that Christians worship neither the heavens nor the earth; that they offer no sacrifices to their ancestors; that they do not reverence their parents; that they fear neither sorrow nor suffering, and so are not amenable to the law; and that the Christian religion is contrary to right reason, given to magical beliefs and practices, and detrimental to the public peace! This is supplemented by a description of the principal forms of torture and punishment used in the Christian persecutions.

The vital part of the work, however, is a series of biographies, brief accounts of the lives of the thirty-five martyrs who, together with Joan of Arc, are to be beatified in May. Of these, twenty-six were beheaded, three strangled, one drowned, four died in prison, and one in exile. It is interesting to note that among those who died in prison was one woman, and that of those beheaded three were women.

JEAN HOAN—MARTYR.

Of these thirty-five martyrs, thirty-one were natives. We take the life of the Venerable Jean Hoan as typical of the way in which many faithful native priests lived and died in that age of persecution. Born of Christian parents in 1798 in Kim-long, in the province of Annam, or Cochin China, he was brought up in an atmosphere of piety and devotion. He applied himself early to the study of Latin, working under the direction of an uncle who was a priest; later he went to study at the college in Pinang, and, returning to Cochin China, was ordained a priest by Mgr. Cuenot, about 1836. His chief virtues were piety and self-possession, and he was a zealous and indefatigable worker, ever ready to go to the confessional, to visit the sick, or otherwise minister to the Christians under his charge; and for many years he attended to the instruction of numerous ecclesiastical students, eleven of whom were afterwards ordained to the priesthood.

Finally, after long years of faithful service, he was arrested and tried in 1861. During the trial he answered simply and directly all questions per-

taining to himself, but refused to tell who had been his hosts, knowing well that the disclosure of their names would bring upon them severe punishment. Infuriated by the repeated refusals of the priest, the mandarin ordered him to be stretched out on the ground between four posts, and to be struck nineteen times with a rattan, a soft flexible switch, every stroke of which cut deep into the flesh. A repetition of this punishment brought no disclosure. Then the mandarin ordered the priest to be stretched out on a kind of cross, and his flesh to be torn with pincers until he should reveal the names of those who had entertained him. Fortunately, however, the mandarin was called away, and, after having been exposed to the sun for five or six hours the poor priest was released. After a long delay, during which Father Hoan suffered much hardship in prison, he was finally condemned to death. While in prison he thought of nothing but edifying his fellow prisoners and preparing himself for his last end. On the day set for the execution he stepped forth, calm and resigned, resolutely knelt to receive the blow, raising his eyes to heaven, and praying fervently while the cymbals sounded and the executioner prepared to strike.

The wrath of the Chinese officials, however, was always stronger against the European missionaries than against the native priests. Between November, 1860, and February, 1862, four priests of the Société des Missions Etrangères died for the faith in southeastern China,—the Venerable Etienne-Théodore Cuenot, the Venerable Pierre-François Néron, the Venerable Jean-Pierre Néel, and the Venerable Jean-Théophane Vénard.

Of Théophane Vénard, already known and beloved by all readers of THE FIELD AFAR, nothing need be said here, but a few words regarding the others may not be amiss.

BISHOP CUENOT.

Etienne-Théodore Cuenot was born in 1802, in the parish of Bélieu, in the department of Doubs, near the frontier of Switzerland. "The eldest of eleven children, he was brought up simply and frugally, and was early accustomed to take his share in the laborious work of the farm. He attended the modest village school, where he was remarkable for his bright mind and good memory. Endowed with deeply religious tendencies, he willingly expressed, to the delight of his parents, his desire of entering the priesthood." After a varied career as a student, he was ordained

a priest in September, 1825, entered the seminary of the Missions Etrangères in June, 1827, and, six months later, sailed for Cochin China.

When Father Cuenot arrived at Macao in February, 1828, the country was still in a state of religious peace, but there were signs of troubles to come. Father Cuenot was first placed in the seminary of Lai-thien, where he studied Annamite and taught Latin. Seven years after his arrival the young priest, then but thirty-three years of age, was made Bishop of Metallopolis. As bishop, his aim was to educate a native clergy, as native priests enjoyed greater freedom than the European missionaries. "In order to insure sanctity and increase learning among the clergy, the zealous prelate addressed to each of his colleagues a series of questions on theology and pastoral duties, written answers to which were to be

his sheep." As had been expected, he was arrested and imprisoned. The unwholesome air and food of the prison brought on a serious illness, and, within twelve days, the good bishop died in November, 1861. His body was buried entire; but some months later an imperial edict commanded that all those who had died in prison should be exhumed and beheaded, their heads exposed in the market-place, and their bodies drowned. When, in accordance with this decree, the body of Bishop Cuenot was disinterred, in February, 1862, there was no evidence of putrefaction and the body was still flexible.

FR. NERON.

Equally noble and inspiring is the life of the Venerable Peter Francis Néron. He was born of a poor peasant family in the village of Bornay, in the department of Jura. In his youth he worked energetically on the farm, and always took a leading part in the pleasures and amusements of the community, oftentimes repenting, however, for thus indulging in excessive pleasure. During the course of a long winter evening in 1835, young Néron, then in his eighteenth year, opened at random a popular little volume entitled *Pensez-y-bien* (*Think well of it*) and read a few pages. No one knows what he read there, but from that hour dates his conversion to a life of piety. For two years he continued living the simple life of a peasant, sanctifying it, however, by constant prayer and meditation, by frequent and fervent communions, and by zealous participation in all the services of the parish. At the end of two years he decided to become a priest. He found himself, however, with little or no education, but, with characteristic resolution, he undertook the task of educating himself. After spending eleven years in study, first under the direction of his pastor, then at various seminaries, and finally at the Missions Etrangères, he was ordained a priest in 1848. Two months later he sailed for China.

Landing at Macao, he was stationed near there, and mastered the Annamite language in four months. Within five years he was placed at the head of the seminary of Ke-vinh, then attended by about one hundred and fifty students. He labored there with characteristic vigor and fervor, offering a noble example to the students by whom he was much beloved. While there he set to work to write in Annamite a complete treatise on arithmetic, algebra and geometry. He remained there ten years, being forced to leave in 1855 by an out-



PETER FRANCIS NERON, TO BE BEATIFIED
IN MAY.

sent to him at the time of the annual retreat. He himself examined all these papers and returned them, carefully annotated, in order to maintain unity of practice and of discipline throughout the apostolic vicariate. Such was indeed the conduct of a bishop, the work of a chief, fulfilling the responsibilities of the present and anticipating the necessities of the future."

Bishop Cuenot was never a strong man, and suffered from many serious illnesses during his life. He was always anxious for martyrdom, and in 1861, when danger was imminent and his followers begged of him to flee from Go-thi, he refused to leave them, saying, "The good Shepherd gives his life for

break of civil war. He was then given charge of the region of Son-tay, containing about sixteen thousand Christians. Christians, and particularly Europeans, were then being hunted down by the Chinese officials, and Father Néron was forced to change his abode at frequent intervals, and often had to take refuge in the forests. Even when sheltered in a house he dared not cross the door, and often suffered untold mental and physical torture. The poor Chinese huts were usually damp and overrun with vermin, the food unpalatable and unwholesome, and the enforced solitude oppressive even to the stoutest heart. Himself in constant dread of apprehension, he was called upon to offer constant reassurance to the fearful Christians. After many narrow escapes, he was betrayed by a Christian who had recently become mayor of the town, was arrested, and taken to Son-tay in a wooden cage. During the trial the officials made every effort to discover the names of some of the Christians of the community. Father Néron was stretched out on the ground and beaten several times, but he steadfastly refused to disclose any names. The officials then tried to implicate him in the recent revolts, but he denied all these charges. He was finally condemned to die, and was beheaded on November 3, 1860. It is reported that, although the day was clear and the sky cloudless, a sudden heavy shower drenched the spectators, whereupon all began to murmur that the poor solitaire had been unjustly condemned.

In this age of materialism and industrialism, the days of martyrdom seem far removed. And yet less than half a century has passed since these noble souls paid the last full measure of devotion to their God and Saviour. The horrors of the Boxer troubles are still fresh in the memory of most of us, and truly no one knoweth what the day shall bring. In our day the great church body is unmolested, but the individual soul is still contending with the spirit of worldliness, perhaps more alluring than ever with the possibilities which the twentieth century offers for the amassing of wealth and the attainment of honor and distinction.

Thanks to God, the sons and daughters of the Church have ever been ready to stand the test of persecution; and so on the 2d of May, when the Church shall formally receive into the band of the Blessed these thirty-five Venerable sons and daughters, let us all pray to our God and ask of Him to grant unto our generation the grace and the strength to meet

the dangers of our time and our place as humbly and as courageously as did those brave souls.

* * *

ON Wednesday morning, February 3d, in the chapel of the Missions Etrangères, Paris, the canonical identification of the Blessed Théophane Vénard's relics took place.

The commission named for this purpose included the Vicar-General of Paris, presiding member, Fr. Adam, Promoter of the Faith, Fr. Fleury, the Seminary Superior, and two eminent physicians, Drs. Poterat and Tillaye.

The ceremony began at 9 A. M., and lasted until nearly noon. It was witnessed by the secretaries of the above commission, assisted by the Seminary Directors, the General Director of the Holy Childhood Association, Fr. Eusebius Vénard, the mar-



THE BLESSED THÉOPHANE VÉNARD, TO BE BEATIFIED IN MAY.
(From an early Daguerrotype.)

tyr's brother, and Fr. Bestard, parish priest of St. Loup, the martyr's birthplace.

At the beginning, the Vicar-General read the admonition carrying a penalty of excommunication *ipso facto* to any witness who would dare, even for a pious purpose, to take away the least particle of the exposed relics; and the physicians present took the canonical oath required.

* * *

ALREADY in 1879 when the apostolic process was begun, a canonical identification of the remains was made. An account of these former proceedings was now given and the seals being found intact, the physicians proceeded to open the case and verify the description of the precious relics.

A detailed account of the entire process was placed in each of these cases. With the bones the physicians reconstructed the complete skeleton of the martyr, except the head. The witnesses of this impressive scene could not view without emotion evident traces of many sabre strokes on the spinal column of the victim. This was the scientific proof of martyrdom.

The physicians found and described 150 bones.

When this was done, they divided these priceless relics into three portions. In the first case, about six inches square, were placed eight to ten of the principal bones. The case was then closed and sealed with the signet of the Archbishop of Paris. It will be brought to Rome and offered to the Sovereign Pontiff for the feasts of the Beatification.

A second portion was placed in a somewhat larger case and included the relics destined for churches in Tonkin and the diocese of Poitiers, where the martyr was born. This was likewise closed and sealed. The remaining portion was deposited in the large case from which all had been taken and this was sealed anew.

The three cases were then carried into the Hall of Martyrs, where the precious relics of numerous martyrs, belonging to the Society are kept. The members of the Commission, together with the witnesses, followed, reciting psalms, each carrying a lighted taper.

* * *

THE Curé of St. Loup, the Martyr's birthplace, has supplemented the above description by announcing a letter from the Abbé Huctin, one of Eusebius Vénard's parishioners, who recently arrived at his mission in Tonkin.

Father Huctin says that at the canonical identification which took place (not at Hanoi but at Tkuchu) all present were astonished to find the head in an excellent state of preservation, entire and beautiful. "It so appeared when taken from the river, after eleven days in the water," writes Fr. Huctin, "and God," he goes on to say, "after 48 years, wishes that the prodigy shall continue for the glorification of the martyr and for the consolation of the Church. All the admirers of the Venerable Théophane, and the numerous clients who already invoke him in their private devotions will become even more enthusiastic in spreading a love for him. It cannot be doubted that God wishes, through his intercession, to give us many graces."

MISSION READING CIRCLE.

LESSON NO. II.—SOME QUESTIONS.

Why must a consistent Catholic become interested in the evangelization of the world?

Consult the following texts: Isaías ii. 2-3; iii. 7; Psalms ii.; xlii.; lxvi.; lxxi.; Malachi i.; Matt. xi. 28-29; Luke ii.; John iv. 16, x. 16; Acts iv. 12; Romans x. 13-15; Apoc. v. 9.

Why did the apostles not remain in Jerusalem, where they had enough to keep them busy for a life-time?

"*Going, teach all nations,*" This was the commission they received from their Master.

Admit that charity begins at home but insist that it does not stay there otherwise it ceases to be charity.

Does heat grow more intense as the flame spreads?

Does not charity burn more deeply and more brightly as it widens?

Have you any idea of the present population of the world and how the various religions are represented?

Here are recent figures from the *Katholisch Missionstatistik* of Fr. H. A. Krose, who has made special studies in scientific statistics.

Total population of the world—about 1,537 million inhabitants.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| Christians..... | 549,017,341 |
| Catholics..... | 264,505,922 |
| Protestants..... | 166,027,109 |
| Greek Orthodox..... | 109,147,272 |
| Raskolinks..... | 2,173,371 |
| Oriental Schismatic..... | 6,554,913 |
| Jews..... | 11,036,607 |
| Mohammedans..... | 202,048,240 |
| Brahmins..... | 210,100,000 |
| Old Indian Cults..... | 12,113,756 |
| Buddhists..... | 120,250,000 |
| Adherents of Confucius..... | 235,000,000 |
| Taoists..... | 32,000,000 |
| Shintoists..... | 17,000,000 |
| Fetish-Worshippers..... | 144,700,000 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 2,844,482 |

| | Priests. | Brothers. | Sisters. |
|-----------------------------|----------|-----------|----------|
| ASIA..... | 9,086 | 2,903 | 11,996 |
| Australia and Oceanica..... | 392 | 291 | 531 |
| Africa..... | 1,842 | 1,357 | 3,668 |
| America..... | 985 | 285 | 1,089 |
| Total..... | 12,305 | 4,836 | 17,284 |

From the above figures, what is the proportion of Catholics to the entire number of Christians? To the entire population of the world?

How many souls must be reached before the whole flock is gathered under one shepherd?

How many priests, brothers and nuns are laboring among Pagans at the present time and how are they distributed?

Take an outline map of the world and jot down these figures in your mission album. They are the results of the latest researches.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

IT is to Fr. Clauser, the writer of the letter which follows, that we owe the beautiful photograph which serves as our frontispiece in this issue of THE FIELD AFAR. The island of New Guinea lies Northeast of Australia, in Oceanica. We are thankful for the excellent photographs, telephotos and stereoscopic views which Fr. Clauser sends and which will make a valuable addition to our growing collection of Mission Souvenirs.

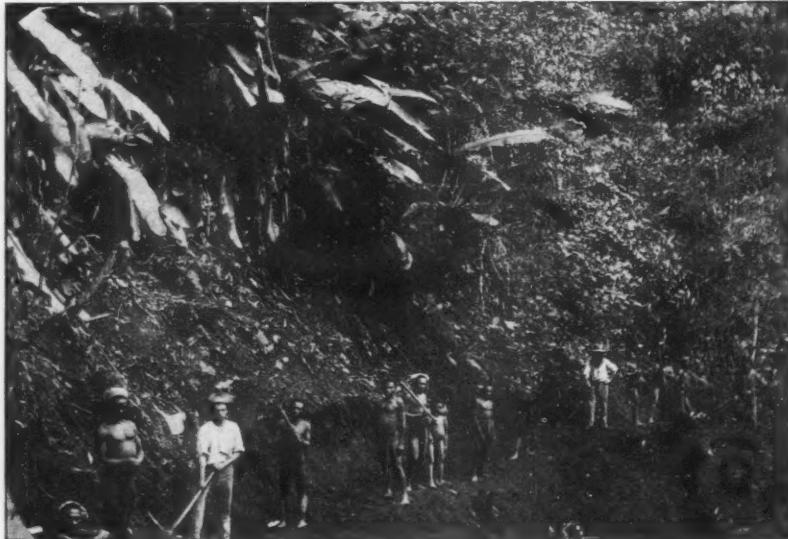
Papua, New Guinea,
March 16th, 1909.

"As I have been receiving regularly every second month a copy of THE FIELD AFAR, I have come to the conclusion that you have been so good as to make me a complimentary subscriber.

From our lofty mountains in Papua, I like to follow the great and consoling

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not get the necessary means to establish a new mission station somewhere in the centre of this field. I have already given you an idea of the physical difficulties which must be overcome here in order to build a new station. It is impossible to realize the utterly broken and abrupt character of these mountains; and as far as roads are concerned, the government does absolutely nothing to render accessible the interior of this immense island. Here at Mafula, we are already six days' journey from Yule Islands, the headquarters of our mission. To make life possible up here, we have been obliged to cut roads on so-called bridle paths for pack-horses, so as to get provisions to the far-distant mountain stations. This road building means a tremendous work and requires not only the time and the strength but sometimes even the lives of our missionaries. I say noth-



CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES MAKING ROADS IN PAPUA, NEW GUINEA.

movement which has taken hold of Catholics in the vast American Republic, drawing them towards the sublime work of the spread of faith among infidels. It is a sweet consolation to us poor missionaries in trials and difficulties to feel that generous souls think of us and of our poor savages, and that we are not alone in an enterprise so huge as the task of converting thousands of cannibals and transforming them into children of God. May our Lord foster this generous enthusiasm of the American Catholics for foreign missions! If the richer classes could only let their eyes wander over some foreign mission fields and get even a slight idea of the cruel necessities of a poor missionary,—who for want of a few dollars often sees his hopes perish,—they could make it possible to open a whole country to the Catholic religion. Such a condition exists in this island.

One of the most popular and beautiful districts of the Papuan Mountains will fall into other hands, not Catholic, if we do

ing of the drain on his slender purse. And yet, to secure results in these mountain districts, which form the most important part of our great mission field, we shall have to carry on this work of road-building for years to come. The finished part of our road is still forty miles from our mission station and the new station which we are trying to form will be three days further inland.

You will find enclosed, together with this letter, a few ordinary photos which may give you an idea of how abrupt our mountains are, and I would be very grateful to you if you could spare room in THE FIELD AFAR for their reproduction.

As I read in one of the last issues of THE FIELD AFAR that you were asking for stereoscopic views of mission-subjects, it is a great pleasure to be able to send you a copy of every view I shall take in future.

And now I must take leave of you, renewing my most sincere gratitude.

Yours faithfully in Corde Jesu,
A. M. CLAUSER.

LATE NEWS FROM CHINA.

THE following letter and notes have been prepared for the FIELD AFAR by the Rev. M. Kennelly, S. J., of Shanghai:

St. Joseph's Church, Shanghai.

I desire to thank you sincerely for a copy of *A Modern Martyr*, edited and annotated by yourself. The Venerable Théophane Vénard is one of the fairest flowers of the Church in the Far East as well as an honor to the Paris Foreign Missions. His heroic life told with such charming simplicity will beget other heroes, and draw them, numerous, to the vast mission field of China. As I finished getting over the work, information reached me that our Holy Father the Pope will soon confer upon Théophane and his 29 companions the honors of the Blessed. May they all, from their glorious thrones above, bless Tonkin and China, the laborers who devote their lives to the conversion of these countries, and those who help them spiritually and materially.

* * *

Important events have closed the year 1908 in China: the death of the Rulers of the country and the coming of a new Emperor. The official date of Kwangtū's death is Nov. 14; it is now, however, well known that he died a few days before, but as the edicts were not prepared nor a successor chosen, the event was not announced to the public. His Majesty never ruled, but led a life of silent effacement till "he ascended," as the Chinese say, "on the dragon to be a guest on high."

The Dowager Empress died on the 15th, twenty-four hours apparently after the passing of the Emperor. This suddenness and coincidence seem rather extraordinary. A foreign-educated and intelligent native wrote on the occasion: "when she saw Kwangtū dead what could she do but follow him immediately to the grave?" To the Chinese mind, the inference seems to be that she hastily shuffled off the mortal coil. Foreigners, who have passed through the Boxer crisis and the terrible siege of the Legations in 1900, will not easily forget her, and history will record that "she ordered them to be exterminated." Two of her Ministers who had the courage to change the telegram into "the foreigners are to be protected" were sawed assunder for their act of wise statesmanship. The 200 missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, and the other hundreds of native converts, who were put to death in the provinces of Chihli, Shansi and Manchuria, have nobly forgiven her and will undoubtedly intercede for her, and we may leave the rest to the Infallible Judge.

During the few days that followed these events all eyes were fixed on Peking, and finally the infant son of Prince Chun was elected emperor and began his reign peacefully under the title of Hsüan Tung (glorious succession). The little Emperor, being only three years of age, his father has been proclaimed Regent and will govern the State till His Majesty comes of age. The Regent is brother to the late Emperor and is the Prince who, after the Boxer crisis, undertook the mission of apologizing to Germany for the murder of her Ambassador. He is but 25 years of age and has had so far little experience of State affairs. A long-standing grudge against Yuan Shikai soon resulted in the dismissal of the latter, who has been kindly ordered home "to nurse a rheumatism in

his feet." This blow created much anxiety and fear was entertained that a *Manchu regime* would be established, but assurances were given that no change of policy was meant and that promised reforms would be duly carried out. Since the Regent came to the front, he has in fact displayed great activity in administrative affairs, and like all new brooms, has shown that he intends to make a clean sweep of bribery, favoritism, wasteful expenditure, dummy offices and the fine art of tinkering with decrees, in which China's officials are past masters.

* * *

The program of the present year, being the first of Hsüan Tung, comprises the following items: Establishment of Provincial Assemblies, the preparing of local self-government in cities, towns and villages; the taking of a census; a full financial report of Provincial revenue and expenditure, and finally, postal affairs, so far in the hands of the Imperial Maritime Customs, are to be taken over by the Government.

* * *

As to religious affairs treated during the year 1908, mention must be made of the withdrawal of the privilege of honorary (not substantial) official rank, formerly granted by the Tsungli Yamen (Ministry of Foreign Affairs) to Roman Catholic Bishops and priests (March 15, 1899). The suppression of the French Protectorate in China, except to those of French nationality, hastened this act. Henceforward, Roman Catholic missionaries calling on officials will be treated with respect and becoming dignity, as laid down in the Treaties, but are not entitled to any recognition of rank.

* * *

Another religious event, which took place at the close of the year, was the visit of the Dalai Lama, or Tibetan High Priest of Lamaism, to Peking. The Pontiff fled from Lhassa at the approach of the British troops in 1904, and took refuge at Urga, in Mongolia, where he remained an exile ever since. Early in 1908, he set up his residence at Wutai-shan, a sacred mountain of Shanxi Province. Invited to come to Peking, he at first refused but finally consented, and entered the Capitol September 28. By decree of November 3, the late Empress Dowager confirmed his ancient title of "great righteous and complacent Buddha of the Western heavens," and added a new one, "sincere and loyal spreader of civilization." When the Emperor and Empress died, the Pontiff and his immediate followers were admitted into the Imperial Palaces to pray for their Majesties in the other world. The Dalai Lama left Peking December 21, and is now on his way back to Lhassa, where on his arrival, he has promised to pacify the country and use every effort to civilize its barbarous tribes. His stay in Peking cost the Imperial Household Department the sum of 3,000,000 taels.

* * *

The other items which I forward you herewith, will illustrate some minor points of Chinese life and keep the readers of THE FIELD AFAR in touch with the great movement of the country towards a better state of things than in the past. If the path of reform is pursued peacefully, China will have the moral support of the whole world, and especially of the Catholic Church and its missionaries, who have already labored 300 years for its spiritual welfare.

Believe me yours sincerely in our Lord,
M. KENNELLY, S. J.

Renew your subscription now, so that we may not have to follow post-office regulations and take your name off our lists. We need your name and you need The Field Afar.

Send fifty cents in stamps, if you prefer; or a one dollar bill for two years. Why not, at the same time, suggest some possible subscribers whose hearts might warm to The Field Afar, and whose minds are large enough to embrace it?

* If in addition to your receipt for a single subscription, you desire our little volume, "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs," send one dollar.

A CENSUS is to be taken in 1909 of the whole Chinese Empire. The work is entrusted to the Ministry of the Interior and to that of the Dependencies.

THE Pan-Anglican Congress is sending to China and Japan for educational purposes the sum of £30,000 to each. Besides the University in China, mentioned above, a theological college is to be built in Tokyo.

BEGINNING on February, 1909, the Boy Emperor of China will start his studies. His Majesty is but three years old. There is great difficulty in getting him a tutor. Chang Chihtung was proposed, but refused on the plea of advanced age and numerous occupations.

THE United States Government has remitted \$11,000,000 of the Boxer indemnity, and China will employ it for educational purposes. The Ministry of Education will send one hundred students annually to the United States, for four years, after which only half that number will then be sent each year.

BUDDHIST and Taoist monks and all sorts of Christian teachers are not allowed to take part in Local Government. The Confucian Mandarinate and scholars, on the other hand, are considered to be the only proper leaders and chosen officials in the regeneration of China. The Government is thus discriminating against religious leaders.

LI LIENYING, the favorite eunuch of the late Empress Grand Dowager of China, intends after the mourning period is over, to shave his head, become a Buddhist monk, and spend the rest of his days in praying for the soul of his Imperial Mistress and its speedy transmigration into the body of some other infant born into this world.

As is usual on the occasion of a new Emperor, a memorial tablet from the throne has been bestowed on the Confucian temple, in Kufow District, Shantung, the birthplace of the Great Sage (B. C. 551). The present descendant of Confucius, Duke Yen Sheng, is preparing to proceed to the Capital to receive the tablet.



CONFUCIUS, FOUNDER OF THE CHINESE RELIGION.

MRS. BURTON and Chamberlin both of Chicago University, are at present in Shanghai, investigating education in China. Their purpose is to study educational needs in schools, examine what is being done by the government, missionaries and individuals, and take back their report. They will remain four months in China. The Chicago University, it is expected, will then bring educational salvation to this vast empire.

* * *

THE International Opium Commission, proposed by the United States and accepted by the other Powers, was inaugurated at Shanghai on February 1. The Viceroy of Nanking presided at the opening. The aim of the Commission is 1st, to devise means to limit the use of the drug; 2d, to ascertain the best means of suppressing the traffic; 3d, to offer definite suggestions to China for the gradual suppression of opium cultivation, traffic and use; 4th, to examine what China has done so far in regard to the production, commerce and use of the drug. The result of the meeting is rather doubtful, as financial considerations weigh heavy in the balance and it is suspected that China wants the monopoly of the trade for herself.

To spread among our own Catholics the mission idea is in itself a missionary work which must be taken up by many clergy and laity, before it can be widely felt. Help us in this propaganda.

THE Regent has recently sent instructions to all Viceroys and Governors ordering them, in view of the present difficult times, to do their best to prepare for Constitutional Government, reform the Officials, maintain harmony between Christian converts and the people, and practise economy in all departments, adding that any negligence will be severely dealt with.

Such instructions are ideal, but it must be borne in mind that the Central Government is hampered by provincial interests and views, self-seeking, lack of organization and slow methods which at times veil no small amount of inertia and procrastination. China has her unity in her own way, not as in Western countries, hence every real progress is slow and difficult.

* * *

ONE of our active workers has become interested in the Japan Weekly Mail which is kept on file in the reading-room of the Public Library in Boston. In this periodical there are frequent references to a Japanese Catholic Magazine—the *Koe*—and in the February issue the following review appears:

"The January number of the *Koe* contains articles on the Ideal Believers, Ideal

FIVE THOUSAND COPIES OF "A MODERN MARTYR"

are in circulation today.

Price, 90 cents; postpaid, \$1.00

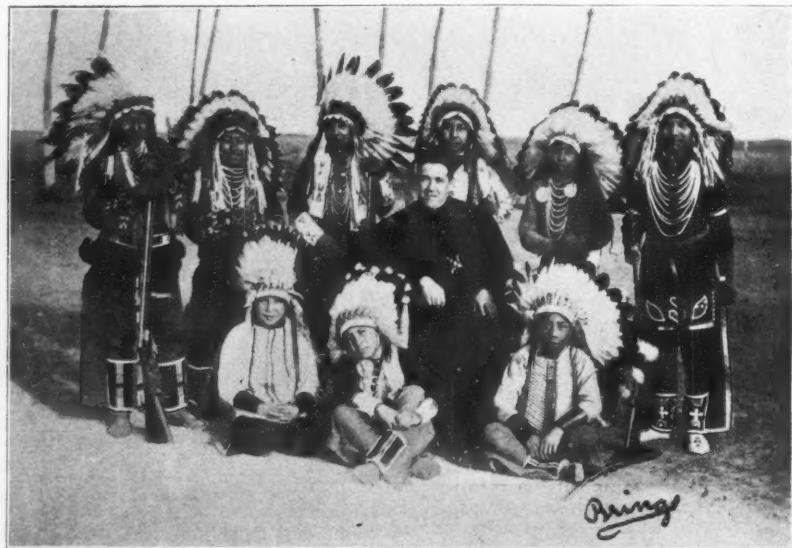
PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH OFFICE
(Bureau) 62 Union Park St., Boston, Mass.

Through occasional gifts, made for the purpose, The Field Afar is going at present to 125 missionaries in different parts of the world.

Most of these missionaries are on our list of correspondents and their letters are always welcome. It is impossible to publish all such letters however interesting, in this little paper which is not only limited in its number of pages but appears only once in two months.

Through the medium of other publications, therefore, notably the Pilot, the Sacred Heart Review and the Providence Visitor, to all of which we contribute weekly, the contents of these previous letters from the remote fields will be made known.

Parents, Ideal Children and Ideal Husband and Wives, contributed by different writers. The magazine is kept up to a high standard from month to month. It ranges over a great variety of subjects interesting to Roman Catholic converts, and, judging from the number of contributors to its pages, it receives wide support in every part Japan. The New Year's number contains a supplement in which we find a history of the compilation of the Japanese Roman Catholic Prayer Book, which we hope to deal with on some future occasion.



FR. AUGUSTUS DINAND, S. J., AMONG HIS INDIANS.

St. Xavier P. O., Montana,
March 12, 1909.

"Please accept this picture of your servant surrounded by his young hopefults. The Indian boys are of the Crow tribe and are splendid Catholics. The finery with which they are decked is used during their festivities, e. g., dances, etc.

On the top row beginning at my right are: Aloysius Holds-the-enemy; Egidius

Last; Paul Kills; Joseph Short-bull; John-Sits-down-spotted; Albert Iron. Front row, at my right: Peter Paul Runs-plenty; John Little-owl; John Spotted-rabbit.

It would do your heart good to hear the two little Indians seated at my right answer the Latin during the Holy Sacrifice. Our Holy Faith is very strongly rooted in these children who will in turn bring the older folks to our Blessed Master.

A. A. DINAND, S. J.

OUR YOUNG APOSTLES.

BY FR. IGNATIUS.

THE trip around the world is not an uncommon one to-day, and occasionally the query arises "What is the cost and how much time does it take?"

A recent traveller, one of our officers in the Philippines, had a leave of absence and made the tour, noting his mileage and other expenses from the time of starting until his return to Manila. He found that he had had covered 23,979 miles in 1623 hours at a transportation cost (including meals and lodging on the sea only) of \$534.50.

Look at a map of the world and follow from Boston the route which the officer practically took.

New York; San Francisco; Manila (Philippine Islands); Kobe (Japan); Valdivostock in Siberia, on the Sea of Japan; Moscow, in Russia; London; New York.

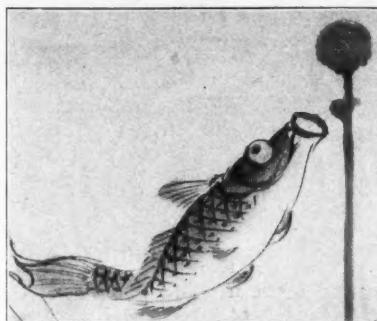
MAY IN JAPAN.

BY M. STEICHEN, M. A.P.

EVERY year, during the first five days in May, the Land of the Rising Sun assumes a wonderful aspect. Seen from the surrounding hills, cities like Tokyo and Yokohama seem changed into immense seas, swarming with great fishes of all kinds. Some of these sea monsters measure over 30 feet in length. But, large or small, they all look fierce, with their enormous eyes, yawning mouths and strange gyrations. Yet, they are not dangerous, for they are attached to tall poles, higher than any of the surrounding buildings; and they are not alive since they are made of paper, cotton or silk, according to the financial standing of their owners. The wind continually blowing keeps them in motion, giving them an appearance of life.

Your readers may wonder at such a curious custom, and may even laugh at the Japanese boys, and grown-up people as well, who enjoy so keenly the spectacle of these moving figures. But in Japan everything has a meaning, even if it be only a form of pastime.

During these early days of May, then, the Japanese boys' festival takes place. The fishes floating in the air represent the carp, which is highly esteemed in this country. The carp is said to swim against the current, surmounting waterfalls like that of Niagara. Now, the Japanese boy, imitating the example of this fish, will also overcome all obstacles in life and make his way in the world.



Formerly this festival was more simply observed. Fishes made of paper only, and of the size of a real carp, adorned the family sitting room. But now-a-days, the Japanese seem less fond of moral teaching than of making a show of their wealth. Therefore, the carp is exposed out-of-doors and as high as possible. They are no longer small and made of paper, but huge monsters of cotton and silk.

* * *

THROUGH the generosity of their spiritual director a hundred copies of our February issue were supplied to the Sunday-school pupils in Stoughton, Mass.

Members of the perseverance class who received some of these copies were encouraged to write their impressions and forward these to the Editor, who read them with considerable interest. Fr. Ignatius now presents some extracts from these letters to his young apostles and he feels certain that they will be pleased to compare their own impressions with those of the perseverance class in Stoughton.

"Our pastor has requested us to write to you and tell what we thought most interesting in the February number of THE FIELD AFAR. I think the section entitled "Catholic Chinese Sunday-school and Mission" is most interesting. There are many interesting things but that appealed to me more than the others. There are many people who have profited by the Catholic missionaries and many more who can profit by them.

Sincerely yours,
MARY E. McCARTY."

"I write to tell you I received your paper THE FIELD AFAR, and found it very instructive. The paragraph, "In the Homes of Martyrs," interested me more than any other, because it described the scene on the journey so vividly that one could form a image of it.

Thanking you for the paper, I am,
Yours very truly,
JOSEPHINE F. DOHERTY."

Your article, "In the Homes of Martyrs," which appeared in THE FIELD AFAR for the month of February interested me very much.

Sincerely yours,
M. F. DAILY."

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Boys who are interested in our work for missions may be encouraged to write to Fr. Ignatius, who will answer each in turn. They may ask questions or express ideas about the missions in general in any particular country.

In reading THE FIELD AFAR, I thought the most interesting thing was "In the Homes of Martyrs."

Sincerely yours,
N. M. BYRNES."

"I have had the pleasure of reading THE FIELD AFAR, for which I am very thankful. I enjoyed the little magazine very much, but I think "In the Homes of Martyrs" was, perhaps, most interesting to me. I have read 'A Modern Martyr' which I liked very much and a few articles in this paper brought to my mind many incidents of Father Vénard's life.

Very respectfully,
A Member of the Perseverance Class."

"The editorial on Catholic literature in the Public libraries appealed to me more than any other article in your paper, THE FIELD AFAR. The conditions which were mentioned are the same in our own public library and I think that if there were a greater demand for Catholic literature it would be supplied.

Wishing you success in your noble work, I am,

Yours very respectfully,
MARY E. DONAHUE."

"I received a copy of your paper, THE FIELD AFAR. I was very much interested in its contents.

What interested me most were the hardships and privations which these foreign missionaries have to undergo.

Of special interest was Father Toner's letter describing his school. Surely such sacrifices must be pleasing to God and must merit great reward. It seems to me that the people do not realize the great work of these missionaries.

Another thing which interested me was the Chinese Sunday School and mission work in Boston. I think it is a great and good thing to have these Sunday Schools and to convert these men. I am sure it is a surprise to many to know that these men are embracing the Catholic religion.

Wishing the missions every success, I am,
Your obedient servant,
SARAH A. KENNEDY."

"What interested me most in your publication, THE FIELD AFAR, was the great interest Father Browne has taken in the Catholic Chinese Sunday School and Mission.

Yours sincerely,
MARY V. DONOVAN."

Boys find special interest in the story of Fr. Judge's mission in Alaska. Place the book on the shelves of your home or tell your boy to ask for it at the Public Library in your city or town. It ought to be listed under the title "An American Missionary." Rev. William H. Judge, S.J.

Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau, of Boston, Mass.

A MOTHER writes for one of our mite-boxes, saying that she has three little ones whom she desires to train to a love for the missions. To this end she shows them the photographs of foreign children and of our missionaries which appear in THE FIELD AFAR, and, in her own way, tells them the story of struggles in remote districts. She adds: "We are poor people and I don't expect to have much more than what pennies the children will put into the little box, but if I can keep it until Christmas, we will do something, and every little helps."

God bless such souls! It is the poor who realize best the needs of the poor and who respond the most promptly, as well as the most generously.

* *

WE are in the habit of enclosing odds and ends of *mission thoughts* in the envelopes which go out from the Diocesan office and occasionally we discover the usefulness of this practice.

A Jesuit scholastic, to whom one of these clippings went recently, wrote at once:

"Your little slip on the Foreign Missions has made a deep impression on me. I should like to have a talk with you sometime so that I may know more fully how to foster vocations for these great missions. I have often begged God's blessing on the heroic souls who have given up their lives to this noble work and in future shall add to my prayers the invocation to St. Francis Xavier.

Yours in Xt."

* *

CO-OPERATION from no source is so gratifying as that which comes from the teachers of our Catholic youth. It is comforting to feel this responsive spirit in the Directors of our Sunday-schools and in the Brothers and Sisters who guide our young in their studies. It is a positive delight to note it in young men who soon will stand at the altar as priests and lead the flocks of Christ to higher things. Here is a line from one such:

"Will you kindly send this small offering to Father Paul Leong, of Kwang-tung, China? His letter in the December issue of THE FIELD AFAR induces me to forward it for the Holy Souls. It is half of one of the Xmas gifts I received.

May God bless you in your noble work!

—AN AMERICAN SEMINARIAN."

The natives of Korea and other remote countries give their mites to the propagation of the faith elsewhere. They are trained to do this so that when the church flourishes in Korea her children will not fail to recall the wider need.



"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost." — JOHN vi. 12.

REV. JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M. A.
Director in the Archdiocese of Boston,
62 UNION PARK STREET, - BOSTON, MASS.

DO our readers recall the striking photograph of Fr. Paul Leong in our December issue? It was not only an object-lesson in the art of photography and in the keenness of Chinese intelligence, but in the value of a good subject well presented, and here is the lesson for our missionaries. This single photograph which attracted "An American Seminarian" also.

* *

WE learn from a correspondent in France that a committee has been appointed in Lyons to prepare the cause of Pauline Jaricot for beatification. Miss Jaricot was identified with the foundation of the Lyons Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Her life was written by Mme. Maurin, who still lives in Lyons, under the shadow of Notre Dame de Fourviere, and not far from the former Jaricot home. This life was published in English a few years ago.

* *

From various sections of the United States and occasionally from foreign countries appeals are made to the Reverend Clergy to Religious Communities and to individuals among the laity. The Diocesan office is the authorized channel of missionary contributions and the Director will gladly give information regarding the appeals and will forward all offerings. In this way the interests of the charitably disposed can be best safeguarded.

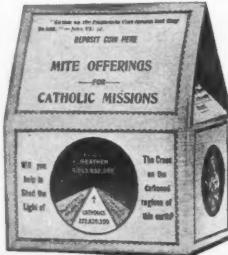
When a remittance is designated for some particular mission-house or mission, it goes without delay directly to the beneficiary. Formerly we used the Lyons Society as an agency in these transactions, thus placing on it an extra burden and necessitating needless delays. The Lyons Society, we believe, prefers to confine its efforts to the distribution of the annual dues which are apportioned by its two Councils in Lyons and Paris.

PRAYERS REQUESTED.

Our readers are kindly requested to remember, in prayer, the souls of those whose names are given below. Will our missionaries who receive this paper take special notice of our request?

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Ellen Johnson | John Johnson |
| William Quinn | Mrs. Susie A. Bolger |
| Mrs. Twohey | Mary Deady |
| John Deady | Mrs. O'Connell |
| Margaret Deady | Mrs. Mulligan |
| Mrs. McGrath | Mrs. Burke |
| Mrs. Sheehan | Mrs. O'Brien |
| Mrs. Bresnahan | Mrs. Julia Kelleher |
| John Duffy | Mrs. Margaret Morse |
| Mrs. Anna B. Kerr | Catherine Meagher |
| Joseph Costa | Ellen Murphy |
| William Burke | Jane Curran |
| Hanora Flaherty | Patrick Cassidy |
| Mary Dolan | Mrs. Mary Sommers |
| Elizabeth Flanagan | Julia Kieran |
| Mrs. Roger Doherty | Bridget Walsh |
| Mrs. E. McLaughlin | Margaret Daly |
| Thomas Kennedy | Mary Burns |
| Ellen Dwyer | Catherine Conroy |
| Patrick Scollan | Edward Nolan |
| Mary Nolan | James Cahill |
| Catherine Cahill | Patrick Rigney |
| Peter Kelley | Mrs. Annie Barret |
| Mrs. Eliza McAleer | Ellen Crowley |
| Henry Meyers | Mrs. Clarkson |
| Michael Higgins | Mary O'Shea |
| Mary O'Leary | Catherine Duffer |
| Ann Wogan | Mary E. Carey |
| Rose Monahan | Lawrence Lyons |
| Patrick Monahan | Mrs. Julia Schell |
| Daniel Driscoll | Catherine Driscoll |

We are no longer considered a missionary church in the United States, although in some portions of the country severe conditions are encountered demanding missionary enterprise. In all our dioceses, however, the time is ripe for developing a practical interest in the world-wide mission of the church.



Our new Mite-boxes are sent flat, but fold as shown above. They are intended especially for households where members of the family, young and old, visitors as well, may find the occasion from time to time to express in a practical way their interest in the spread of faith. These little messengers do not ask the substance of your offerings for charity. The home, parochial and diocesan needs claim this. They seek the crumbs that are left over and are best served when they receive the mite that is saved by some act of self-denial.

SOME ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A BILL of lading has been received from Singapore announcing a case of Dyak hats and curios from Borneo. Our offices are small and overcrowded, but there is always room for something else and the day may come when these and other valuable mission souvenirs now in our possession will find a fitting nook where we will be glad to have them inspected to the heart's content of all interested.

* *

WE acknowledge with thanks a prayer book printed for the French-speaking residents of Indo-China. The brochure is called "Memento" and is a condensation, under short and precise formulae, of all that a true Christian ought to know and practice. The "Memento" is printed from the Nazareth Press, Hong-kong, a large establishment under the direction of priests from the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions.

We are also thankful to Fr. Maheu, of E. Cochin-China, the compiler, for some post-cards from Annam which were enclosed.

* *

THE Japanese edition of *Melanges*, for January, published in Tokyo, has arrived. We notice the frontispiece, a photograph of the Trappist Monastery in Hokkaido.

This is a low Gothic building, most severe in character, and apparently constructed in cement. It stands quite isolated and surrounded by a considerable acreage of tilled land. The rest of the book is, we presume, quite interesting but to us it is all Japanese, so without delay we forward it to good Fr. Pius Moore, S.J., of Spokane, Washington, who gladly welcomes this kind of literature for the growing circle of Japanese young men whom he has formed into a class.

* *

SMALL salable articles from the missions are always welcome at the Diocesan office and will bring buyers sooner or later. When such are sent the price should be attached to them or they should be numbered so as to correspond with the list of prices sent by letters.

The values need not be translated into American money, but care should be taken to specify clearly the denomination, e. g.—Mexican dollars—Yen, etc.

Have you a friend in religion whom you wish to enroll as one of our subscribers? We can assure you, in advance, that your gift will find a welcome in any house devoted to the love of God and souls.

TO OUR MISSIONARIES.

Some of our grateful missionaries offer to send us curios from time to time. These are always acceptable, but we do not wish our needy confrères to go to expense on our account.

When articles are sent we suggest that our good missionaries inform us immediately by letter, giving a description of the goods and informing us when and through what agency to expect them, enclosing the bill of lading if there be one. We also wish that the source of the article would be written or printed on the outside wrapper.



A MOURNER'S COSTUME IN KOREA.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the little volume "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs," will recall that when Just de Bretennière and Henry Dorie entered Korea they were obliged to do so disguised in the mourning costume of the natives—a loose white garment surmounted by a great hat. The Diocesan Office has recently been presented with a complete outfit from Korea, a photograph of which we reproduce on this page.

As announced elsewhere several copies of "The Field Afar" will be sent to any one address at especially low rates. In this way the message from the missions, laden with instruction and edification, can be brought to schools and Sunday schools.

We suggest that whenever our missionaries send any souvenir for the diocesan office, they instruct us by letter that such is on the way and also send us its value. Occasionally articles arrive that are highly appreciated by our visitors who would like to purchase duplicates.

FR. JOHN FRASER has sent us the photo of a gigantic idol at the gate of the "Monastery of Heavenly Peace," Ningpo. This monastery contains many pagan monks who recite the office of Buddha at certain hours during the day and night. China is still pagan to the core, Fr. Fraser says. "High and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, still believe firmly in the spirituality and power of their gods. They believe however, in the immortality of the soul, a sort of heaven and hell, and prayers and sacrifices for the dead. A great part of the inhabitants of China live on making and selling idolatrous articles, and there is scarcely a store that has not some among its wares, scarcely a workman who has not to do forbidden work. The devil has a great hold on the Chinese."

* *

A YOUNG Boston layman who has just returned from a three years' sojourn in Eastern Asia, writes:

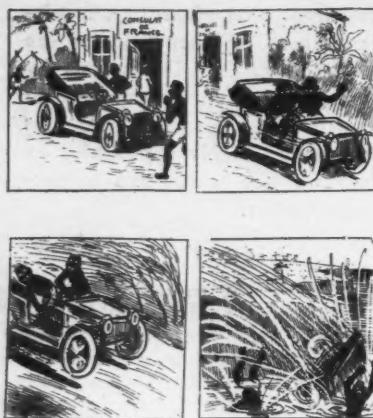
"I should like very much to have a chat with you about THE FIELD AFAR, for which you are doing so much and coming from which I can tell you what a blessing it is to the hard workers for the Faith out there, the ones to whom are assigned the most difficult tasks to be performed for the Church, those who are on the firing line, to receive your little paper and to know that someone is pleading their cause in this great, free country.

"They are putting up a great fight out there against great odds, and by great endurance and perseverance are winning. ■

"They have not got the backing of such men as Bishop Brent, for example, who has all kinds of money to put his ideas into effect, and money plays an important part in the game out there, as it makes grand display possible, which pleases the Filipino and Chinaman alike, but for all that our priests are winning out on their merits.

"It is to be extremely regretted that American representation in the foreign missions is so small."

FROM one of the priests at the Cathedral in Boston, we have received an order for 50 copies of THE FIELD AFAR which he intends to distribute among his Sunday-school boys with a view to impress upon them the Catholicity of the Church and the beautiful character of her apostles.



AUTOMOBILING IN NORTH AFRICA.

THE Bible of the Sick," which is for sale at the Propagation of the Faith Office, may be had for 50 cents, postpaid. This little book has been translated from the French by Frederic Ozanam. It is bound in cloth and has 127 pages. It is filled with cheering and consoling thoughts for those who suffer, and is divided into the following headings:

- I The foundations of Faith and Hope.
- II The Sick in the Old Testament.
- III Counsels—Sentiments of Piety—Prayers.
- IV The Sick in the New Testament.

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| The Story of a Mission Indian | .35 |
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| | |
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| | |
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